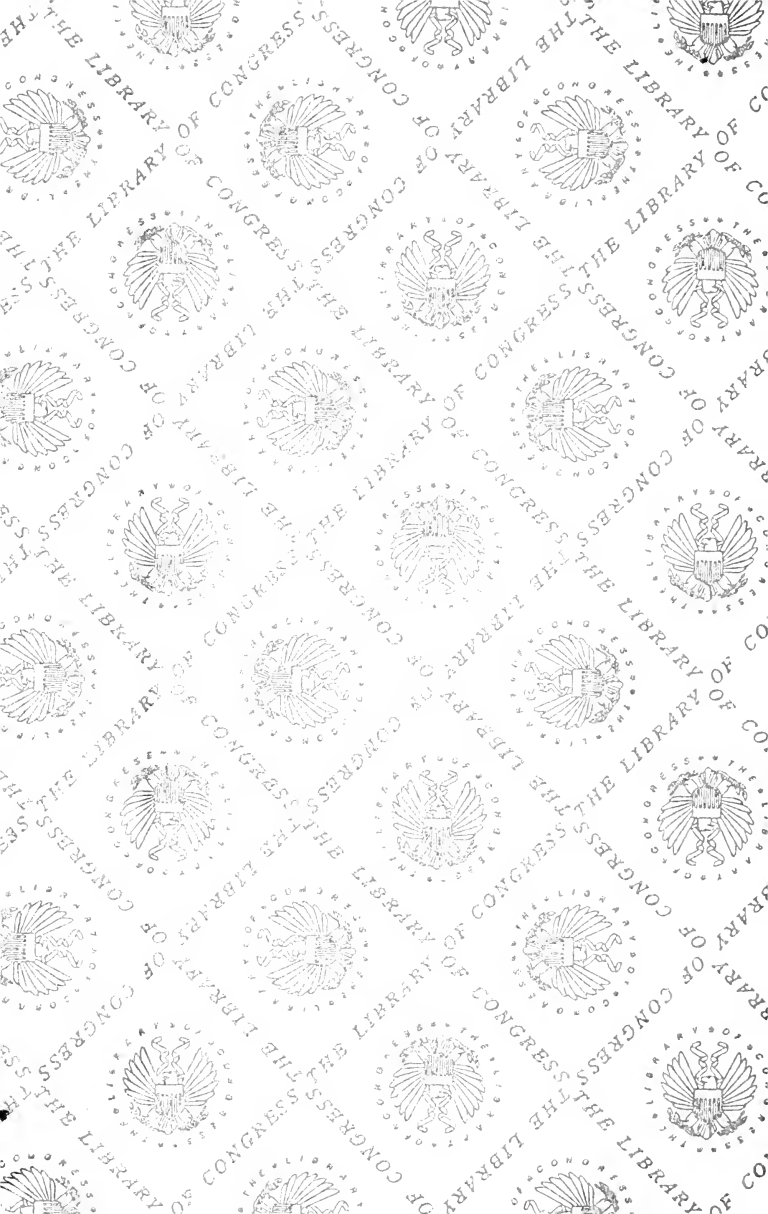
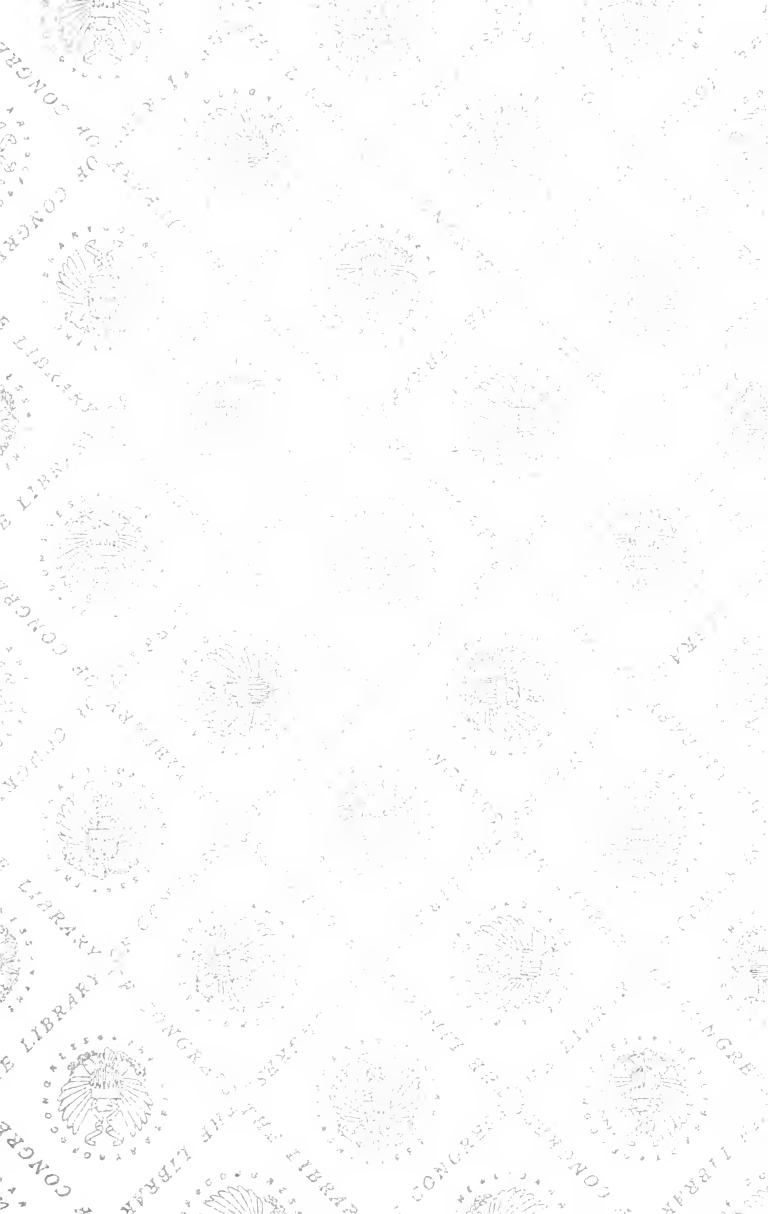


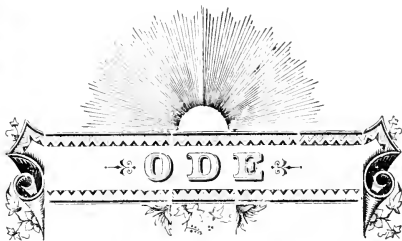
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BY



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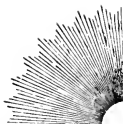
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THROUGHOUT th' world—search—every land,
 No pile, no fabric yet—doth stand,
 Rearing its head so near th' sky,
 Attracting ev'ry passer-by
 To stop and read—thereon a name
 Hung high upon th' walls of fame—
 Shrined in our hearts—as Free lom's Son—
 Noble—Heroic—Washington !

The specks in thee ; th' flaws be few ;
 Like he, who for his country drew
 Th' sword—to make his country free
 From shore to shore, from sea to sea ;
 Hold free from stain, his name on thee,
 Thro' calm—thro' storm—adversity ;
 Hand down his name—who vict'ry won !
 Noble—Heroic—Washington !

Tall, peaceful, graceful, tow'ring shaft !
 Speak thou of him, who wept—who laughed—
 With country's sorrow—country's glee,—
 Unfurled th' banner of th' free,
 Dying bequeathed—a name of fire,
 Which freemen thrill'd with hope—desire—
 To crown th' work by him begun ;
 Noble—Heroic—Washington !

Point upward ! to the noonday sun,
 Its brilliant light—thou need'st not shun,
 It—casts thy shadow on this earth—
 This land—he loved—which gave him birth—
 This land he worked for—toiled for—bled—
 Placed freedom's pillow 'neath its head,
 Then threw aside th' sword and gun,
 Noble—Heroic—Washington !



NOBL
WASH

→ ODE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY FEARNLEIGH LEONARD M

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Point upward ! mid th' depths of night,
Point upward ! where faint specks of light—
Denote that stars—a flaming host,
Now watch thee at thy duties post ;
Sentinel faithful, lofty, high—
Constantly pointing to th' sky ;
Tell to th' heavens ! his work is done !
Noble—Heroic—Washington !

Point upward high ! while we roll by—
We as a generation die,
Tell thou to youth as yet unborn,
The action mean—the lie to scorn !
As he—whose name we grave on thee—
(Emblem of truth where 'er it be,
'Neath thick'ning night or blazing sun—)
Noble—Heroic—Washington !

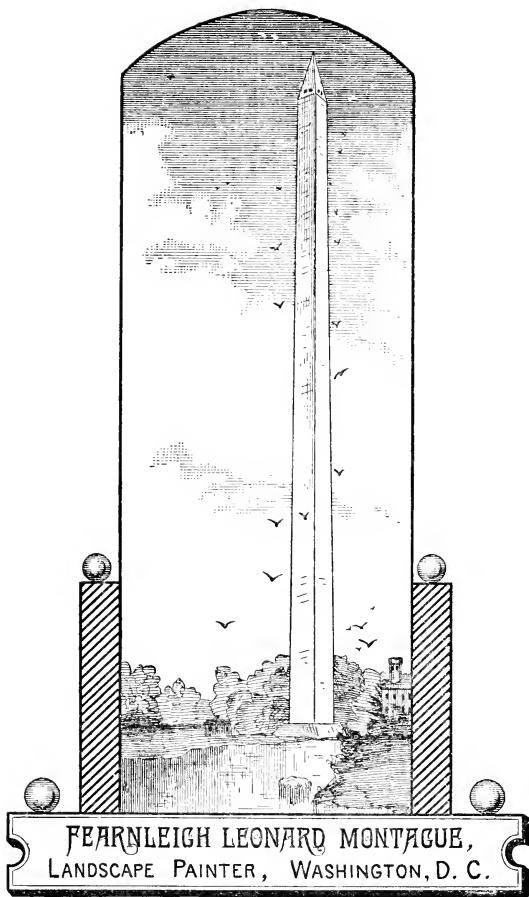
Great noble shaft ! point to the sky !
Fail not our trust in thee so high,
Symbolize him, our Beacon sure,
Like him, be steadfast ! firm ! endure !
Guard well th' name engraved hereon—
When we beholding thee are gone ;
Thy watchword pass from Sire to Son !
Noble—Heroic—Washington !

Great marble shaft ! point to th' sky !
Point ! while th' elements roll by,
Point ! 'mid their fire-flame smoke and rage,
Point ! as th' triumph of the age,
Point ! tho' th' thunders round thee roll,
Point ! thro' th' flame a livid scroll,
Point ! to thy Country's, Freedom's Son !
Point ! to th' name of Washington !

EROIC.
TON.

TO THE NATIONAL WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

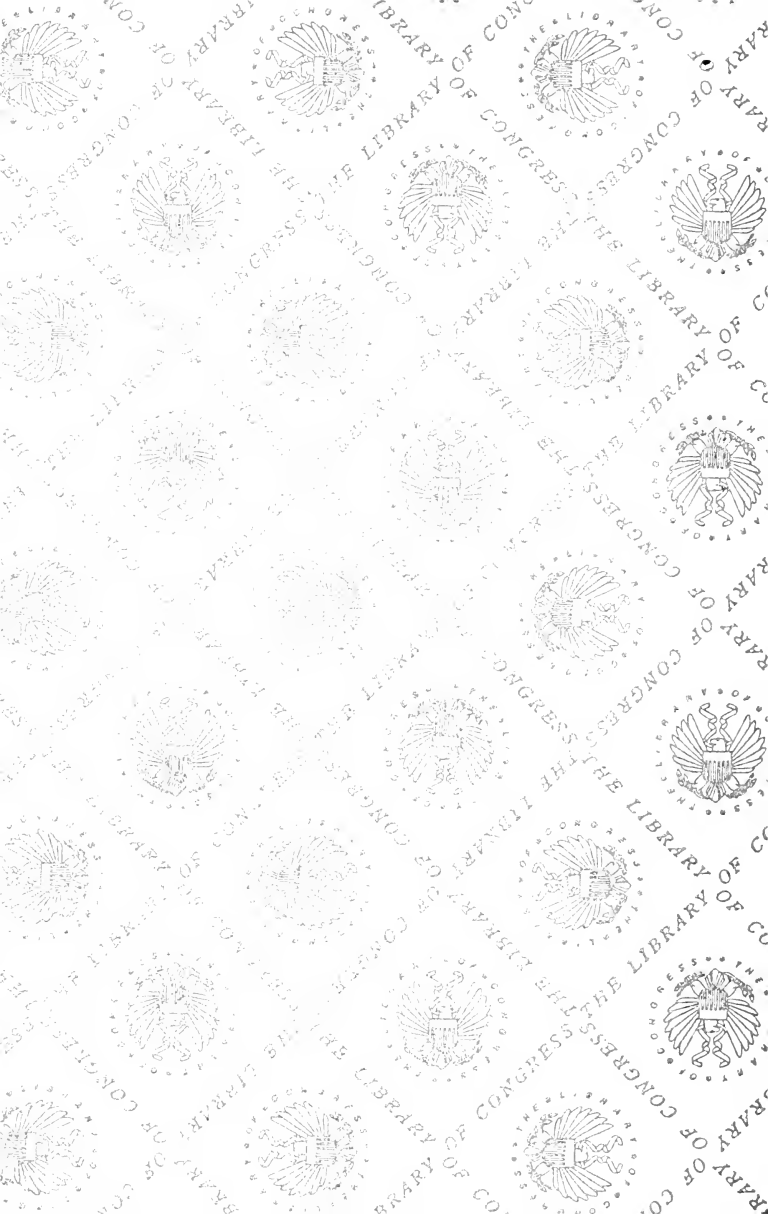
AGUE, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1885.



Abbreviated Testimony of the Press, at the U S. Capital, Washington, D. C.

"The National Republican:" Notable works of art.—"Daily Post:" Best ever exhibited here.—"Evening Star:" Montague excels.—"Republic" (society paper): Montague's pictures are neither many nor common either in color or in pure Chiar-oscuro. The English, the American, the Canadian and Australian press have vied in giving him, in both branches of color and form, the highest praise as a perfect master of his art—he never duplicates his paintings under any pretense—with more meritorious productions than his we are not acquainted.——







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